

110.

ALARVM
TO
POETS.



LONDON.
Printed in the Yeare, 1648.


110.

MARK V M
TO
POSTS



LONDON
Printed in the Year 1673

Æolus Trumpet to his Foure Winds.

 Oe *Triton*, calme all storms of turbulence,
From turning up side down both sea, & thore,
Triton, proclaime silent obedience,
That they henceforth shall dare to break no more;
For dread *Astreaes* Signe, amid the Line,
Erected hath her scales for true, and just;
Whereto all vertuous projects shall confine,
So that her calme, no more shall be combust:
But that her *Poets* now may sing of peace,
And all cromatick descant harsh surcease.

Poetries Complaint.

T Hough I Poesie grow out of request,
As a sad mendicant unwelcome mate,
Yet this me joyes, the *Muses* me invest,
Amid their gracious classis Laureat;
With whom, (selfe-faring) I alone descrie
All my malignants end in oblique.
Where all their crancks I trace with little thanks,
And goe invisible, yet see their prancks,
That parable so open, and shut the same,
As Truth, Art, Wit, prais'd for their friendly blame:
Else over-openly foule faults to tell,
Would kindle hot blood (as gravity knows well)
But for th'ideal *Anagoge*, whereby,
The mark shot at, is hit ingeniously,
Scurrilitie abhor'd, and flattery,
Hisse off the stage by faire morality.



To the most ingenious
Classis Laureat wheresoever.

BEhold a Comet, not Crinitus (imo cum atate ejus) yet not a star prognosticating war, nor the death of Magnates, as other combustious matters, after the judicious Astrologers way) doe portend but a lovely signe elevated, which the Philosopher calleth a proposition probable and convenient: Tet well that may signifie the dayly change of things, as one day begetteth another, for the change of time, til there be no more time; & like so, of like matter, more of the same changeably ensueth, as is to be read in our owne Native Language, for so much dayly changing, as shee may bring her action against her encroachers upon her Free-hold; which of her owne, is so plentifull, significant, and yet brieft, as no forraigne vulgar else may shoulder her from the wall. But this would inaugurate peace and love, by the sweet canzonetts of the Nightingall, and the Dove (not the carrion Raven) when their beloved the poetickall Swans, and canary birds of the Cristaline Aganippe shall joyfully awake, & by the favor of the judicious Astrologers (if simply & singly recording indeed) (which then doubtles is worthily deserving) may strike into the Medio Chori, and there chant with those emulous singers. Of which kind, this Comet looketh for no such acowtrements from the germanizing

The Epistle Dedicatory.

zing sponges of plus potus: Nor indeed, from any other, then of our own Nationall selves (preferred by that judicious Roman Tacitus before the French) the task it self being poetically, vatically, and prophetically allegoricall; (which with one another will convert) which also (under your corrections) would affirme, that all these mentall apparitions, doe lie hidden in their Vocabula Artis, which have to summe up the shortest definition of themselves. Now then the Art it selfe (in all good manners, and with leave) presenteth her selfe to your ingenuities, learnedly to disperse the secret mists allegoricall, which never did, nor doe lack place nor historie to personate, and illate the same; which may be so done, by the approved discretion of our renowned Master, thus maintaining, that difficillimum est principium artis invenire, sed invento facile est addere & augere reliquum: Another hereof thus, now I see as in a myrror, then as I am seene. All which referred to ideall consideration, doth crave pardon for this loving boldnesse, and with humbly taking leave, I rest yours to command,

J. L.



Alarum to Poets.

When *Jove* spread his convexed Canopie
Of constant azure, arched low and high,
Did twinckling tapers infinitely set,
Where cloud, nor freckle, could their lustre let,
But that those seven great Lamps which ever turn,
Might every where sling light as round theyourn,
Forc'd by that wheele which moveth all the rest,
With, and against each other, to contest,
In that long dance of number, tune, and time,
Which by proportion doth joyne, and dis-joyne,
Of friendly hatred, loving so, and hate,
As wisdome knowes to reconcile the bate
Of these strange combatants, which rise, and fall,
In their continuall battell cubicall,
VWhich to the circular well reconcil'd
Makes, that to unity they gladly yeild.
VWhich when he saw so good, and well agree,
He bid th'whole Choire sound out their harmony,
VWhereof the seven tones to that one of eight,
Sent whole, and halfe tunes by measure and weight,
Yea fifths, and thirds, and so a fourth did sound,
A second, and a sixt, so well compound,

As

Alarum to Poets.

As thereof rang the sweetest melodie,
That rule, and order breed, to amitie.

VVherefore the *Chorus* 'mid th'etheriall Hall,
Diffusing all those concords muscally,
Did so rejoyce all kinds, each sexe and age,
(Invited guests unto that middle stage)
As vouch'd on all sides, truth t'own selfe conformes,
As vertue demonstrates by all her normes;
VVhence not to fall, stands where the first belong'd,
Still to that mistery to correspond.

VVherein *Iove* stood rapt, fith this unisone
Meerly deriv'd but from one radick tone,
Deign'd for it selfe, it selfe to glorifie,
Into that multiplying Euphonia,
That never ceasing, warbled in that frame
That can none other doe then still the same.

O noblest consonance! O excellence!
In which truth breeds love, justice, innocence.

Now to concomitate this *Musicks* feast,
Made to the middle, high, and lowest guest,
Iove of those three call'd one out, at whose cry,
Averdi came (his daughter) instantly;
A Lady truly whiter then the snow,
More humble, meek, and mild, then Doves below;
More pure, (subtill, acute, then clearest aire,
More swift then sight, of kind most debonaire.

Goe candor (said he) makethine ayrie flight,
Downe through the fiery Region, and enlight
With notion generall some above the rest,
But thereto make choise of the lowliest,
Select of Nations, th'acies of whose mind,
Shall to my limits stand by me confin'd;
So as though they in part doe know the right,
Yet future ages shall receive more light;

When

Alarum to Poets.

When Mee list some more speciall ones inspire
With knowledge; whilest others shall delire,
Til one particular much more shall know;
For knowledge but successively shall grow.

Averdi thus dispatch'd with science rare,
Her purport of three Regions to declare,
The winged *Graces* (flie she low, or high)
Her wayes enlightned with their radij;
So did the *Classick Vertues* lovingly
Amid them all still beare her company.

When loe, *Dilfisa* to prevent her, lay,
If possibly by any wile she may;
About whom, *Phantasmes* infinite did swarme,
Dreame to intoxicate with windy barme,
Vaine apparitions, strong imaginations,
Conceits, opinions, mad inaugurations,
Formes, fancies, figures, fables improbable,
Untopically, unsalted, fond, unstable,
Such as the Spirits of th'aire (loos'd to elusion)
Have to confound with (making their intrusion)
Where, soothly false suborne in steed of true,
To be imbib'd by the phanatick crew;
And now to bob *Averdies* negotiation,
She featly coyn'd an art of emulation,
By stealing to her selfe *Averdies* shade,
Which from the ground did off her light evade,
In which she strove her to assimilate,
Yet but as shades true bodies imitate;
Still plotting her but so to counterfeit,
As truth's name, forme, gaine hers be by excheat
Of contradiction: which opposing ever,
No meane hath to assigne to own endeavour,
But that malengin (woven into faction)
Might profit wring out b'others rais'd detraction;

For

Alarum to Poets.

For envy never ceaseth to deprave,
Till others properties she seize and have.

Yet when *Auroraes* calm serenitie,
Had burnish'd *Titans* rosie visnomie,
And so set up her glasse, as might appeare,
All tamkipp prospectives, both far, and neares;
Downe soar'd *Averdi* by her winding staire,
On wings display'd, (compos'd of fire, and aire,)
Which beare her on that mild amenitie,
That all inferiours viewd with singlest eye,
All longilattitudes, altitudes eke,
Degrees, and what else reason hath to seeke;
Each peopled Nation, climate, hot, cold, meane,
Th'intemperate, and the temperate, foule and cleane,
Where, after her made universall flight,
As well around the globe, mid, crosse, and right,
She did o're *Caldie*, then o're *Egypt* soare,
Where, did on some her ineeke, elixir poure,
VWhereof, a gentle, meeke, mild flame, did tine
That furor, which their spirits up rapt divine,
To contemplate in singlest extasie,
Hid speculation from the proudest eye,
As yet *Astronomie* recordth well,
And *Geometrie*, who first did them revell,
Yea sow'd the first seeds of *Philosophy*,
By some, with paine, and cost, sought far, and nigh,
Their candle to illumin at that light.

But this the more enrag'd *Delfis* spight,
VWho, coasting neere *Averdi*, as her shade,
On wings of all mixt colours, fraud had made,
Did there her malarts phiols drench out pour,
On such as would become her Paramour;
VWhereof, arose most noysome pestilence,
VWhich soone infected scient sapience;
A worser pestilence was never known,
Then science turn'd into opinion.

Alarum to Poets.

Which caus'd the Arts themselves, with grief confesse,
They wayv'd yet further off from perfectnesse,
Malarts encreasing, yea sophisticating
Into confusion, all her gulls mistaking.

VVhich made such garboile of disunion,
As for that cause, *Averdi* got her gone.
Meane time, grim night, setting both feet aground,
Shov'd the *Suns* coach-wheels, til he turn'd them round
(VVhich none else could in all the world displace)
From th'east, to run his sweaty westerne race;
Tho higher mounted, borne on wings of light,
Light, her inclosing from those left i'th night,
She cross'd the tranquill *Medeterranean Sea*,
O're which, with long delight somnes did plea,
Some other Lands in prospective to skrie,
VVhich should, or would, with more gratuitie,
Accept her pure Elixirs highest boone,
Attempted prudent (reasons wisest doome.)

From whence, in lofty point, to *Greece* she bore,
Whose pure aire, sharp wits, most folke yet adore,
For that Elixir, which on them she spent,
Sith them in knowledge, made more excellent,
VVell witns'd in her grave Philosophers,
How seriously demean'd her Registers,
Ev'n to the perfecting the *Sciences*,
(Choise reasons jewels, Arts strong fortresses;) P
Through whose sound dialect, they saw to try,
Yea to o're-rule falsed Philosophy.
For certes, this Elixir had for spell,
That boundlesse font of *Hopocrene* well,
VVhich running to diffuse that liquid fire,
(The furent flame that Poets doth inspire)
Caus'd, that devotedly they for her sake,
Left th'earth, celestiall scopes to underake,
Her steps still tracing, beare she ne're so high,
Best instanc'd in their ingenuity.

Alarm to Poets.

But this, *Delfisa* never could abide,
Nay, all this to pervert, at heele did glide,
Where, so her phiol powr'd out on their braine,
As in times processe, did their honour staine;
For she to their acutenesse, addes such sleight,
As wove the characters of vile deceit,
Close hidden in her Etymologie,
VVhich in the name, sounds a deceiver lie.
An ignominious brand, which stains the more,
As balk'd *Averdi*, for *Delfisæes* lore,
To prove, deceivers playing loose, and fast,
So long deceive, till selves deceive at last.

VVherefore *Averdi* from them all did flie,
And left them to their own earn'd obloquie; (came,
Then, back her course steer'd, from whence first shee
Even to the Nations of more hopefull name,
VVhere, her proficient pupils did enlight,
By clearer glassing their interior sight,
VVith that same mentall ravishment, folke call
Poetick, *Vatic*, and *Prophetick*:
VVhom she inspir'd with her more secret lore
To greatest Clerks unknown, (high t' *Allegore*,)
At which, full many fell of ignorance,
But the presumtuons most, of arrogance;
At whose audacioufnesse, she did but smile,
To see them faster in, the more they toile,
Yea, thence ne're to be freed, till humbler, they
Shall deign implore *Averdies* remedy:
Who, thence to *Almaigne*, her faire course forth bore,
To try if they were capable of her lore;
Whom leaden, muddy, harsh, dull-skull'd, she found,
Uncivill, fulsome, sick of *Bacchus* wound,
And far beyond the rest intemperate,
Needs therefore prudence must escape their pate.
For why? *Delfisa* there hath beene already,
And all intoxicated belking giddy,

Alaram to Poets.

To croaking frogs, whose tongues shall never rest,
While stood suborn'd *Averdi's* Anthagonist,
And therefore barring them her quintallence,
Left all those mutinous to ovyne insolence.

To find out *Gaul*, (far hotter of desire)
The sooner caught of one intestine fire,
Inconstant libertines, ires rendezvous,
At sodaines, esteem'd most dangerous,
Immoderate, rash, giddy, turbulent,
Hath but to counterfeit the continent;
Albeit insinuates humilianist,
Most sily playeth proud opinionist.

On this, perceiving *Delfis* had beset her,
Averdi soone resolv'd from thence to get her;
Impossible it finding, *Gaul*, *Almaine*,
Should her, on those conditions enetraine;
And therefore pawn'd, her wandring wings to rest,
While limbs more strength get, as they are releast;
Till sweaty *Phæbus*, wending from her sight,
Her, with a ruddy congey boe good-night:
Which grace, as it pfect'd next morning gray;
So promis'd, to performe a golden day.

But when Night, blacks had dofft, and put on blew,
Elew, mixt with white, compounding a gray hew,
Most fit for *Phæbus* when him chaires in State,
Ail far off prospectives to speculate;
Averdi, still as meeke, as calmest day,
Then soaring for discovery, every way,
Intended her rath Muses to bestow,
On some more meet, discreet, and grave below:
Far kenning from an high point, *Faery Land*,
Which sounds encrease, and nourishing, if scan'd,
Did there reigne her Elixir, which so wrought,
As that folke, rapt in love, this Dame most sought,
Whose very light, them strake with admiration,
To trace her steps from Nation, into Nation,

Alarm to Poets.

And Land, to Land, where so she chose to alight,
Although it be in *Fairy Land* she pight.

On top of whose sharp Promontore, her voice
Them call'd, who did ascend with merry noise;
The cheifest Spire whereof *Oneida* hight,
For beauty famous, strength, and steeples right;
Built on a rock, which had on it an hill,
That stood for Land-mark, after Sea-mans skill;
The Holt whereof, on which *Averdi* keeps,
Belforma Castl'is watred round with deeps,
Where, while aloft, in prospective she sate,
Whole chirmes of *Poets* thither congregate,
To serve that soveraigne Beauty, which had power,
To ravish each observing Paramour:

Whose lovely radij so the men distrought,
As they were lost, and found in her they sought;
So could not but thus her ofright define,
O Essence appetible, and O Divine
Forme! causing our beginning, being, end,
Therefore, thine honour we shall still defend.
Thus stood they rapt into her observation,
Time, habit, place, resounding th'approbation,
Them gave to meditate the Deitic,
Express'd in the exercise of pietie;
Then plainly finding, all her parts agree
With her own selfe, when they converted be;
She like power having, hers to unite so in one,
As all their tones resound her unisone:
Like so, how ever any species grows,
Its every property meets one in close,
As simple vertue knoweth to define,
Which of all demonstrations is the prime.

Now all these Laureats standing at her gate,
Own offices did, and her love dilate,

Alarm to Poets.

In straines, conceits, and stile alike sublime,
As love could ravish nature up divine!
Delficaes Phiol sheds cromatick matter,
Exhal'd out of so foule, and muddy water,
As caus'd the musick change mood, time, and forme,
Into the noise of a tempestuous storme,
Of roaring winds, black clouds evaporating,
All true proportion quite precipitating,
Into foule showers of frogs, that croke black matter,
That spewd the seeds of hate (loves violater)
Whereof, blood up to th'orses bridles rose,
As Poets crying Ruddimane foreshewés;
How first ambitious jealousies did grow,
'Eout having, who should more then others know;
Which to opinion turning, would own d some,
Should above all the rest have elbow roome.

Whereat, *Averdi* could no longer smile,
Sith saw their wits britch'd in *Delficaes* guile,
While caus'd them strongly imagine, sh'ad them given
Her key of knowledge; where of, them had riven,
Off that Analogie, they had afore,
So baffling them in the cloud allegore;
As once in fall'n, ne're without help gets out,
But that *Delfis* eludes them, bobs, and flout,
Till meeker, they submit to reasons lore,
Bernardus she *non omnia vidit* swore.

Wherefore the Poets begg'd *Averdi* mild,
To shew them how *Delfis* had them beguil'd,
While some conceiv'd they serv'd *Averd* (their dame)
But proves quite contrary, and not the same.

At whose long suite, this *Comet* (signe of grace)
Puts off her mask (a meane to cleare her face,)
Then, with mild voice, and serious up-cast eye,
To Poets only, made this huoncrie.

Alarum to Poets.

If any of yee all, (pretending witty)
Who have combustions made without this City,
Shall now, with this my anagogick key,
In accents numbred, hither find the way,
And to mine hand, the same back bring me hither,
He shall my true Love be, and Lord for ever;
But know, as arts in own vocables talke,
Thereby till known, invisiblie to walke,
So, more hath allegory to transpose,
Verbs, phrases, substantives, to mistick glose,
From their owne genuinious signification,
Therein to tell, yet hide own revelation:
Which, if with meeker spirits yee list discern,
Yee that shall teach, yee never knew to learn,
To weet! that all presumptuous arrogance,
Was, is, and will be mother of ignorance.
Whereto, needs not the new-o'rehaughty stile,
Lest th'old, look back, on empty cask, and smile,
Yet it behoves that learners must belive,
Else, passive intellectu may poorely thrive.

That said, amongst them all she flung her key,
Which, one poore Poet catching, ran away;
While all prose-artists vagely ran out after,
But missing, snow-blind came, by shame & laughter:
Delfsaes Labyrinth so hood-winking them,
As erring tangled, went the same agen.

Wherefore yee swans of *Thamesis*, what say?
Which of you hath this anagogick key?
For *Chaucer*, *Lidgate*, *Sydney*, *Spencer*, dead,
Have left this riddle harder to be read;
But if yee deigne this scandall to remove,
Your fame 'bove prose-arts quill-men, all will rove:
Then swans of *Olbia*, sing these strains of peace,
That shall make froggish crokers tongues surcease;

*Averdie*s

Alarum to Poets.

Averdies Love for *Guerdon*, is not small,
Besides, a Poets Laureat Coronall;
Which earning, out will sing the Victors praise,
And sound loves triumph to these latter daies,
With blessed peace, that welcomes in the bringer,
And cheeres up every sad rejoycing singer.

But first, ought sing a song of twelve monthes long,
Next, noblest *Guy*, (righted on others wrong)
Then *Chaucers* *Squires* lost tale, on his conditions,
The second last part of Poetick visions.
For in this order ought the legend bee,
According to the *Muses* own decree.

Now then rapt *Poets*, what have yee to say?
To Dame *Averdies* key, (the *Muses* way?)
If yee deign answer her *Alarum*, rise!
And arme your verse, to win from prose the prize,
Sing swans of *Thames*, that all the world may know,
Yee win the golden wreath, from silver *Poe*;
Whose learned Schools, though have not to give wit,
Yet wondrous curiously, they polish it:

But high *Iehoub*, down through his stars distills
What his imployed *Philomela* thrills,
In *April* blith, and *May*, but ends in *June*,
That other monthly birds, in kind, may tune,

But that another *Turtlesing* before yee,
Assures to your inheritance, the glorie.

At that, *Delfisa* fell into a rage,
Till every other his'd her off the stage,
And kick her off, after her own intent,
Then merrily, as from a banquet, went.

FINIS.

J. L.

